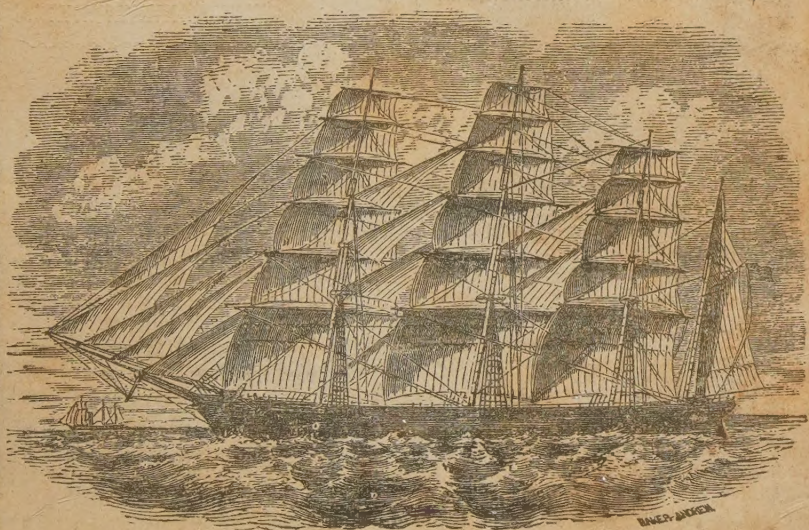


THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE,
AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



The Clipper Ship "GREAT REPUBLIC."

Vol. 33.

APRIL, 1861.

No. 8.

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Publications of the American Seamen's Friend Society, THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE contains the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, with notices so far as received, of the labors of other Societies, and of individuals in behalf of Seamen. It aims to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress, and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given.

Price.—\$1 00 per annum in advance. Postage, in advance:—Within the State, three cents a year; elsewhere in the United States, six cents.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND,

Contains in pamphlet form, the same matter as the *Sailor's Magazine*, omitting only some miscellaneous and other articles of least interest and importance. It is designed for *gratuitous* distribution to Life Directors and Members, to Pastors of Churches, Sabbath School Superintendents, &c. Congregations contributing to the Society, are entitled to order, if they choose, one copy gratuitous for every three dollars contributed.

It is also furnished to subscribers for 25 cents per single copy, per annum, or eight copies for \$1 00, and at the latter rate for any greater number, payable always in advance.

Postage, same as the Magazine.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

This is a little sheet published monthly by the Society, designed chiefly for children and Sabbath Schools. It contains brief anecdotes, incidents, and other facts pertaining to this cause, illustrated with cuts, &c.

The Life Boat is intended, not so much for sale, as to be *given away* to those who will do something to aid the cause of the Sailor. Every child, or other person who will become a COLLECTOR, and forward through the Superintendent or Pastor, a collection for the Society, shall receive a copy of it *gratuitously* for one year.

Postage.—When fifty copies or more are ordered to one address, the postage will be prepaid by the Society. If less than 50 are ordered, they can be sent only every other month, or the postage must be paid by those receiving them.

T H E

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

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Marine Losses in 1860.

From a careful record of marine disasters during the last year, it appears that 84 steamers, 259 ships, 214 barks, 167 brigs and 315 schooners were either totally lost or damaged in vessel, freight and cargo, to the amount of \$28,382,000.

Of these, 10 steamers, 47 ships, 41 barks, 42 brigs, and 23 schooners were foreign vessels, most of them British. Their values, with freight bills and cargoes, amount to \$8,333,400. This leaves 876 American vessels lost or damaged—a large fleet to be destroyed or crippled in one year. The loss to American commerce is \$20,048,600,—in round numbers *Twenty Millions* of dollars. It has not been an unusually disastrous year. It may be put down as an ordinary annual waste out of American commerce.

It becomes commercial men, indeed the whole community, to inquire into the causes of this great waste; for it is not the owner or underwriter alone that suffers; the lady who consumes a pound of tea pays part of the indemnification, in the increased price consequent upon the risks and losses.

Is this destruction all the work of the treacherous sea? Is it all beyond human foresight and science and skill

to prevent? Those most deeply interested and most exposed to losses resort to insurance for safety, but this only shuffles the loss off from the few to the many, and even that only for the present.

The paid premiums, through a long commercial career, are lost fortunes, or at least fortunes ungained.

We question if marine insurance, as at present conducted, is not one of the prime causes of this great waste. A ship *fully* insured the owner knows is well sold, whether she sinks or swims, of the two rather better if she sinks. What inducement then to look out for skill or honesty or trustworthiness in officers or crews? The inattention of owners to the character of their crews is notorious in the whole present system of shipping them. There are some exceptions to this general remark, we know; but too generally the owner knows nothing of the character of the crew of his ship; he has trusted to the shipping master or irresponsible landlord for all that; frequently he knows almost as little of the seamanship, skill or qualifications to command men, of his officers. The condition of the ship for sea-worthiness even, is often a matter of secondary consequence. The important point is, she is well insured.

Let underwriters look over the list,

the kind of disaster, and see the number abandoned at sea, where no mention is made of cargo, whether any was on board or not; the number ashore and wrecked in mild latitudes, with little more than the value of vessel appended, and enquire whether the storms have done all this?

"Judge Marvin, in the first chapter of his very valuable work on "wreck and Salvage," quotes Mr. McCulloch to the effect that nearly half the losses at sea may be ascribed to the ignorance incapacity and carelessness of the masters and crews, and then goes on to say:—"Add to these the frauds of masters and ship-owners, and it is probable that full half the shipwrecks that occur in different parts of the world, may fairly be ascribed to causes other than the perils of the sea. The existing system of marine insurance, undoubtedly, conduces to the production of many voluntary shipwrecks." This may be a large estimate, but if one tenth of this \$20,000,000 waste, is attributable to frauds, or unskillfulness, or carelessness of officers, or the inefficiency and worthlessness of the crews, it is well to look after it. *Two millions* of dollars even are worth saving. This even, if saved, and applied directly to the work of reforming and elevating the men of the sea, would sustain Sailor's Homes and Bethels, and Marine Schools, and Chaplains at every port, at home and abroad, where American commerce is known. It would in addition furnish every American ship with a religious and scientific library. The greatest security against the dangers of the sea, is in the seamanship and skill of the officers, and the bravery, efficiency and fidelity of the crews. Why do we not begin at the right place to diminish risks? Why are we so slow to learn that the best insurance is in good seamen? Have not

our owners paid advance wages for worthless crews, and high premiums of insurance against their mischiefs long enough to find it the direct way to hard times in the shipping business?

What is to be done to secure the community against this immense annual waste?

As the system now is, those most deeply interested are the underwriters. Let them begin a reform by a *partial* insurance of vessels, so that if wrecked the owner shall bear no inconsiderable part of the loss. Make it for his interest to put the ship in the very best trim, and in every possible way diminish risks. He reaps a benefit in the end, in the diminished rates of insurance.

Let him look well to the qualifications of his officers, and the character of his crews. Let him trust no longer to the miserable system of shipping offices. Let him so look after the comfort of the crew on ship-board, as to conciliate their good will, and identify their interests with his. Grumbling, and insubordination, and brutality, and mutiny have no tendency to the safety of the ship. Let the owner make it his chief care that there shall be no occasion for either.

The present extensive religious interest among seamen augurs well for the elevation of our marine service, and the consequent diminution of risks, if owners will only adopt a system to retain the reformed sailors in it, instead of continuing the present system which is sure to drive them out of it. A very large share of the work, under God, of elevating our marine service, and making it honorable and honored the world over, and saving millions annually from the devouring ocean, is in the power of owners. Let them sustain more liberally all the appliances, at home and abroad, in the reforma-

tion of seamen; and then offer larger inducements to such men to remain in "the calling wherein they were called," and the work is done. We do not however mean to excuse others from aiding in this work of salvation. The present losses, as we have already estimated, bear on the whole community. It is the duty and interest of all therefore to aid in the *true policy of insurance*, the reformation of the men to whose care we must trust so much of the wealth of commerce.

A Plea for the Rich.

Pleas are made every day for the *poor*; and so long as sin and the consequences of sin remain on earth, the poor we have always with us, and our religion teaches us to plead for them and to do them good.

But who pleads for the rich? Many are ready to plead against them. They are often harshly judged, and sometimes severely condemned by those who suppose them to be unfaithful stewards, but who know not their characters, circumstances or deeds.

No doubt often some of the rich are blame-worthy, because selfish, miserly, and hard-hearted, shutting their ears and their hearts against want and suffering, and refusing due support to efforts for public relief, reform and improvement. For such we have not a word to offer. May God bestow that mercy upon them which they refuse to others!

But there are others among the rich who deserve not the severe censures which are inflicted on them. Their means are exaggerated in the public estimation. Their expenses, necessarily increasing with their means, are not justly accounted of; the calls made upon them are more numerous than sup-

posed:—their benefactions are greater than they have credit for.

It has been our happiness to know many whom God has blessed with a large share of earthly wealth, who are also rich in the wealth of the soul, and who cheerfully and conscientiously bestow their money for the promotion of human weal. We are witnesses for them as to the care which they patiently bestow on the claims made upon them, and as to the cordiality with which they meet them, when satisfied of their worthiness. God speed the time when all his stewards shall realize their responsibility to Him, and become the sincere and happy followers of that blessed Saviour "who, though he was rich, for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich."

A Plea to the Rich.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." 1 St. Tim. 6: 17-19.

"But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."—1 John, 3: 17.

"That now, at this time, your abundance may be a supply for their want,"—2 Cor. 8: 14.

"How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God."—Mark 10: 24.

"But God said to him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required

of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God."—Lukel2: 20, 21.

We beg our rich friends to consider and ponder well these words of God.

There is special need just *now*, at *this time*, that your abundance should be a supply for the wants of many—and particularly for the Societies that are set for the defence and propagation of the Gospel. Many former helpers have failed, or their resources, if not dried up, are dammed up, so as not to be available. Those who have been accustomed to give largely are now straitened. The cause of christian benevolence is in want. Shall not your abundance be a supply for it? Will you allow Christian labors to be suspended, and Christian laborers to suffer?

May God make all grace to abound toward you, so that you may abound toward every good work! May you be enriched to all bountifulness!—Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Noble Generosity.

To me, an unparalleled act of generosity, for the sailor's benefit, occurred lately. I say I have never known of anything so noble. All concerned will pardon me, but I cannot keep silence.

An officer in a S. F. S. who is obliged to live upon his salary, and who left a position he prefers, to take up this, hoping that while doing good, the salary would relieve him of debt; now offers to omit \$500 of this salary, for the sole purpose of enlarging the field, employing an assistant, and coming in direct contact with the sailor, as well as collecting funds.

Now if this is not noble, what is? And what is so charming about it, is, this officer wishes to be the means of *direct spiritual benefit* to the sailor, where-

ver he finds him. He has preached *about* the sailor, and now he wishes some time to present Jesus *to* the sailor; and for this glorious privilege he is willing to give \$500.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" the sailor has dear friends yet.

J. B. R.

The Niagara in Japan.

The state of religion on board—Her converts among the missionaries—The largest Prayer Meeting ever held in Japan.

In the following extract which we take from a letter published in the *New York Observer*, dated Kanagawa, Japan, Nov. 26, 1860, our readers will find an account of one of the most interesting scenes ever witnessed in a heathen port.

When we remember how often sailors, permitted to go ashore to enjoy their *liberty*, have caused the hearts of missionaries to sink with shame and almost bleed with anguish in witnessing their ungodly deeds, and then turn to those Christian conferences between missionaries and sailors newly converted on a *Ship of War*, we cannot help exclaiming, What has God wrought on the sea!

"The U. S. Frigate Niagara is a grand sight. Aside from the knowledge that she is the largest war-ship in the world, there is a feeling of sublimity in looking upon her immense hull of about five thousand tons, her length of three hundred and forty-seven feet, and her twelve great guns capable of throwing shells of one hundred and eighty pounds.

The state of religion on board is very joyful. In addition to the regular legal morning prayers, they have their own prayer meeting in the evenings, at which from fifty to a hundred attend. About thirteen are numbered as converted to God on the passage out.

The men have all been ashore by turns during the last few days. The first who came were found by Mr. Nevins, missionary from China, here for health. Eight accepted the hospi-

talities of his house. When their presence was known, nearly all the missionary families dropped in, and an informal meeting was held, deeply interesting. Each spoke. One could not say he was born again, but seeking.—One was the son of a praying mother long since departed. But the Holy Spirit had brought these prayers to his heart, and converted him through the gospel. Another had scarce known a parent's love; had been raised in the midst of evil, and had lived in sin till more than fifty years of age.

Two came to the usual place on the ship for water, and the meetings being near by, paused, and returned, till they sought the water of life. Thus they spoke, and though their hearts were touched in different ways, all testified to the power of Christ to save, and their praise to the honor and glory and majesty of His name was one.

Two nights their excellent chaplain brought about twenty to attend the usual missionary prayer meeting. This meeting of more than thirty praying persons was doubtless the largest that is known to have assembled on the shores of Japan since the lamp of christianity seemed put out by blood.

Who is weak in faith, let him look on such a scene as this. Hear the broken accents of prayer ascending from lips that, till lately, scarce named the sacred name but in profanity! Hear them tell of a Saviour's love!—Hear them join the swelling chorus,—

"I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me."

And again,—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

And yet again, in this room where about one year ago dwelt the mumbly priests and their lifeless idols, hear ringing through these halls and swelling from these hearts the soul-stirring anthems of praise.

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

Hear these things, and know what God hath wrought! For thirteen men who left New York in the ways of sin, as bad perhaps as those of their shipmates who have so disgraced themselves here by intemperance as to bring tears to the eyes of a beholder,—these

men, through hearing the gospel, by the Holy Spirit have been led to embrace it, and God has permitted them to stand up on such a shore as this and testify to Jesus' power to save. It should sustain our wavering faith; teach us that Jesus can convert now as in the days of Paul; and above all assure us with settled convictions that we must not judge the power of the Omnipotent, or limit his work by our understanding.

Cannot he who converted Saul, who we believe has had mercy on us, who could take these men from his avowed enemies and make them monuments of his grace and his witnesses; cannot he who has declared, "All power is given me," can he not raise up tongues to praise him in Japan?

Yes; and as surely as God hath said "My word shall not return unto me void," so surely "It shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent," when it is preached in faith in Japan.

A thrilling Narrative.

Can any man woman or child peruse the following tale of sorrow and heroism, without sympathy and admiration?—Are not these noble men of the sea, worthy of our best regards and efforts?

The *Cleveland Herald* gives a thrilling account of the hardships and sufferings experienced by the passengers and crew of the propeller *Jersey City* on Lake Erie during the last gale, five only of whom survived the disaster. The steamer was bound from Toledo to Buffalo, and when overtaken by the gale, Captain Monroe, her commander, headed her for Long Point, Canada, intending to take shelter behind it. The storm, however, drove the vessel so far from her course, that it was evident she could not be got round the Point without great difficulty. The account of the *Herald* continues:

"The ordinary fires were found unequal to getting up the great pressure of steam necessary, and kegs of lard and butter were rapidly thrown in to feed the flames. But every effort was vain. A sudden shock—a dull grating sound, that was felt above the howling

of the tempest, and the Jersey City was a hopeless wreck. She had grounded on the shoal about two miles distant from the Point,

Capt. Monroe immediately ordered every one to the hurricane deck as the only chance of safety. A number, heedless of his warnings, jumped into the life-boat and made for the shore. They were all lost among the breakers.

Soon after grounding, the propeller keeled over, broad side to the seas, and with her deck exposed to the action of the waves. Her deck load was at once washed off, and the repeated blows of the huge waves stove in her decks and dashed her sides into pieces. The hurricane deck, with its load of half frozen sufferers, floated towards the shore.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the hurricane deck grounded within a short distance of the shore, in shallow water. At this moment, a boy, who was on the wreck, was washed off by the waves, but was rescued by Captain Monroe. After this, the boy became frightened for the first time, and clung eagerly to his preserver. Captain Monroe fastened a plank life-preserver to his body, and, taking the boy in his arms, leaped into the water and waded ashore. As the boy was landed, his suspenders broke, and his pantaloons fell about his ankles, where they froze in a solid mass, chaining him to the spot where he stood. In a few moments the half-naked boy was dead.

Captain Monroe walked back to the piece of the wreck and directed his comrades where to leap so as to strike in the shallowest water. One by one, the leap was made in safety, until but one was left on board, and that one was Mr. A. H. Derby, the clerk of the propeller. He was seen sitting on the wreck, with his head bent down, as if in despair. Capt. M. called him by name but he did not answer, although his mouth opened. To a second hail, he again opened his mouth without giving any articulate sound. Capt. M. and Engineers Manchester and Cummings went to the wreck, and after considerable difficulty, got off the helpless man.

Captain Monroe took Derby on his back, while the two engineers steadied his legs so as to prevent the waves washing him off. In this way the par-

ty waded through the water, ice making on them at every step, the surf dashing around them; the bitter wind freezing their hands and faces, and the blinding snow obscuring their view.

On reaching the shore, Capt. M. attempted to lower Derby to his feet, but found it impossible to let him down. The living bearer had frozen fast to his dead burden. The Captain's arms were frozen stiff and clasped around the arms of the dead man. The two engineers were also so frozen about the hands that they could render no assistance. Finding it impossible to rid himself of his terrible burden in any other way, Captain Monroe flung himself on the ground, head foremost, and thus 'spilled' the dead man from his shoulders. But he had escaped from one horrible dilemma only to find himself in another. His trowsers were frozen so stiff up to his hips, that he was as unable to rise as if his legs had been encased in lengths of stove pipe, and his companions could render him no assistance. At a short distance was the body of a man frozen in a sitting position. Captain Monroe managed to roll himself to the body, and by it climbed to his feet.

This little party of survivors now set out on their painful march towards the lighthouse, which was at no great distance. They had got safely along until within about three hundred yards of the house, when a small creek impeded their progress. First engineer Manchester attempted to cross the creek, but abandoned it and returned to the shore, where he sat down exhausted and despairing. Second engineer Cummings came up, and endeavored to encourage him to farther efforts but in vain. Captain M. begged Manchester to rise and make an attempt to get around the creek, telling him the light-house was close by. 'It's of no use, Captain,' said the unfortunate man, 'I can't go any further.'

Cummings placed his arms around the body of his comrade in order to lift him to his feet, but at that moment the icy hand of death was laid on both, and, clasped in each other's arms, face almost touching face, with words of friendly cheer frozen in the utterance, these two brave men, Manchester and Cummings, perished within a few min-

ute's walk of safety. In this position they were found by the party sent in search.

Captain Monroe succeeded in reaching the light-house in safety, although badly frozen. Out of the twenty-two who had formed the crew and passengers of the ill-fated Jersey City, but five survived, being Capt. M., two firemen, the wheelsman, and one passenger. The others either perished in the waves, or were frozen to death in that awful death-march. Six of the bodies have been recovered, some being returned to their former homes, and others buried on the Point.

We are glad to learn that the brave Captain Monroe will not suffer so severely by his exposure as it was at first feared. Such heroes cannot be spared. His deeds of daring, and tender care during the fatal wreck and march of death on Long Point, adds a brighter halo to the fame won by the gallant rescue of the frozen crew of the Omar Pacha, at the risk of his own life, at the mouth of Cleaveland harbor, some years since."

From the Presbyterian.

The Gospel among Sailors.

The Mariners' church, under the direction of the New York Port Society, has lately attracted an unusual amount of interest to itself, on account, of the work of the Holy Spirit progressing there among the men of the sea.

Quietly, but unceasingly, the friends of the sailor have labored on the corner of Madison and Catharine streets, New York, until the interest has so much increased that the church is now filled, especially so in the evening, with a most attentive and appreciating audience, composed for the most part of the men of the sea, many of whom of late have been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. In the month of November, 15 were added. In December 16, and on the first Sabbath of January 18. Of this number 33 are seamen, representing some ten different nations. The morning prayer-meeting held daily from nine to ten o'clock in the forenoon—now in operation more than four

months—numbers often over 50 persons, more than two-thirds of whom are seamen. The work of grace has commenced also among the children of the Sabbath-school, now numbering 230 scholars, some of whom have become convinced of sin; and of their own accord, and in their own names, requested the prayers of God's people in their behalf. Three little scholars, under twelve years of age, have handed to the pastor requests for prayer. One of these, written in her own hand, runs thus:—"Mr. Jones I wish for you to ask Christ to forgive me all my sins. I want to become a Christian and please ask every body to pray for me to and I will pray for myself to become a Christian O I will trust in Christ when I heard about that little boy (referring to a recent convert) I felt that Christ was in my heart and I want to become a Christian, from Georgianna J."

One of the scholars, a boy, went of his own accord to Fulton street prayer-meeting, and made a similar request. He has already found the Saviour precious to his soul.

Some incidents of the Sailors' Morning Prayer-meeting have been forwarded us by the pastor, Rev. Charles J. Jones, and are given below.

THAT BLESSED VERSE!

A sailor, whose countenance betokened many a hard fight and severe conflict while under the influence of rum, rose in the prayer-meeting, and after asking Christians to pray for him, said:—"It is three years since I have been in New York before, and then, instead of coming to the house of prayer, I went to the grog-shop and house of ill fame. I never cared for the house of God, and scarcely ever entered the doors of a church. But now I love God, and I know he loves me for Jesus' sake, and I find my comfort now among the people of God. I only came ashore on Friday morning. It is now Monday morning, and I have been in three prayer-meetings, and heard three sermons preached yesterday besides. O my friends pray for me! I am a stranger to you all, but I love Jesus—I'm not a stranger to him. He found me in the hospital at Mobile. I had a shipmate there who loved Jesus, and he

lent me the Christian's Daily Food, and I read it through. But this was not all; I read in it

'Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of mercy, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.'

"O that blessed verse! They were precious words to me. I knew I was a sinner—the worst of sinners. I did come to him, and he was true to his word; and now I give up all to him. Pray for me that I may be useful in bringing souls to the foot of the cross."

CURSING WAS MY PRAYING.

A German sailor, in very broken language, and almost choking with emotion, rose and said:—"Mine friends, I am twenty years in sea; I was drinkin all de time; I never did go in church; I was in grog-shop and in bad places, and I care not for good things. But in about for two weeks ago I was stand in de door for my boarding house, and de gent'man, misioner, of dis church came to me and say, 'You want Bible?' I say, Noo. O, mine frens, I was half drunk in dat same time. He say, 'You want tract? Whot contremen you?' I say German. He give me von Testament; I put in mine pocket; I go in house; I sleep. When I woke, I read. O! I learn I am sinner—great sinner! I cry too much. I want to pray. I do no what I do. I come to dis church; I come in prayer-meeting; I ask all man pray for me. I go minister's house, I want see pastor Yones. Wen I go tree times to his door, I cannot go in. I go pray again; I read mine Bible, and I cry much; and Jesus he hear me. I am now so happy; I love Jesus; I no want drunk now; I want now to know Jesus more. Before I was bad man, and cursing was mine praying. Now, I will love God; I will love Jesus, because he die for me; he suffer for me; I love him because he love me first. O pray for me, dat I can serve him good so long as I live! I will now on board ship serve him so well as I can; and will tell oder mann's how good dis Jesus he been to me."

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

A few days ago a number of sailors, sailors' landlords, and shipping-office runners, were sitting in one of our

shipping offices in South street, waiting for something to turn up. The conversation engaged in, which was any thing but religious, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a tract-distributor. He proffered his little silent monitors to each one. The first who received one began to make sport of it, and to hold it up to ridicule to the rest. The countenance of the distributor fell; but was soon relieved of its cloud of care by the prompt and noble action of a rough-looking man, who had hitherto sat in silence, springing toward the man of God, and extending his hand, he said, in a kind and decisive tone of voice, "Here, let me have one if you please. I read tracts. They tell of Jesus. I love Jesus, and I am not afraid to stand up for him any where."

Strange glances were exchanged with each other by the crowd, as one after another rose and began to disperse. As they did so, one of them, holding the tract in his hand, looked toward the sailor who had so suddenly appeared as the representative of Christ, and said: "That wouldn't be much use to a fellow on a topsail yard in a gale of wind." As he said this, he passed out of the door. The Christian sailor followed him, and touching him on the shoulder, said, "You are right, shipmate; the tract would be of no service on a topsail yard. But it would be of great service to have Jesus in your heart there." To this the objector nodded assent, and passed on.

What gives this act significance, is the fact that a few days ago only, this defender of the truth in Jesus was just like the objector, "having no hope, and without God in the world." But two days since he found the Saviour precious to his soul in the daily morning prayer-meeting of the Mariners' Church. Thus has he had an early opportunity of testing the strength of his purpose to live for and labor in the service of Christ.

ALONE—YET NOT ALONE.

Several seamen have, within a few weeks past, risen in our morning prayer-meeting and earnestly entreated that they might be followed with fervent prayer, that God would enable them to be useful and the means of saving souls.

One said—"Shipmates, I am going to sea this morning. The runners are waiting for me now. I am going to California in the ship Reporter, and I am going in the fore-castle alone. Yet not alone, for Jesus will be with me. He has promised me, and I will trust in him. O! pray that the little leaven may leaven the whole lump!"

Another, a day or two after, said—"O! my brothers in Christ, I love Jesus! But I could not say that two weeks ago. I found Jesus here. I never have taken him to sea. I don't know how it will go. But I am going in the fore-castle of the Kitty Simpson to Antwerp, and I don't know another one who loves Christ that is going in her. Still I mean to stand up for Jesus, with God's help, though alone." At the close of the meeting a Danish sailor said to him, "Brother, you don't go alone. I go with you. I found Jesus here. Now, I go to sea first time a Christian. Christ will go with us." These will go out like Christian and Faithful in company toward the Holy City.

The Cause of the Sea.

The following editorial appeared in No. 2 of Vol. 2 of THE SEA.

We but put on record our life-long convictions when we say that we regard the cause of THE SEA as the most important in the world. We will add that we are firmly convinced that the time is at hand when it will be so regarded by all in the universe. The Almighty Father, and all the ministers of mercy who surround His throne, so regard it now. The eternal fiat has gone forth from the unchanging councils of Heaven: The conversion of seamen to Christianity is the conversion of the world. Inspired to announce this sublime and hallowed purpose, the prophet Isaiah foretold it in his grandest, sweetest strains, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, took up the promise on his advent into time, proclaiming in his day the progress of its fulfillment backward and forward to the ages of eternity. To aid in the accomplishment of this great end, he called seamen around him at the commencement of his mission, and ordained eight of twelve of his immediate disciples from among

their number. Since the dawn of Christianity to this hour this wise example of Christ has been kept before men. Happy would it have been for our race if it had been universally followed. For commerce by sea is the chief means of influence in the world. If, therefore, commerce is truly converted to Christianity, the world must be. Look at the facts.

1. The number of men actually engaged in commerce is three millions. Convert these multitudes to Christianity, and at once they are instrumental in the conversion of the world. Think of three millions of faithful men of God, brave, hardy, generous, persevering seamen, scattered among all the nations of the earth at their own charges, from among this abundance of the sea!

2. Three-quarters of the wealth of the world is controlled by the sea. Let the sea be converted to Christianity, and this immense moral force is immediately consecrated to the best good of the human race. Think of three-fourths of the riches of the continents and islands laid as free-will offering on the altar of God!

3. There are four hundred different languages spoken on the sea. These languages represent those nations that are the most controlling over the family of man. Seamen hear them, learn them, speak them, and write them among all the habitable portions of the globe. Convert the millions of seamen thus uttering four hundred dialects to a living Christianity, and what a Pentecostal power is thrown around the world! Think of it.

Hence, in the cause of the sea is embraced the whole work of the world's conversion to God.

Then will follow these results:

1. The foreign slave-trade will be overthrown.
 2. The importation of alcoholic poison will cease.
 3. A dead-blow will be dealt at sea-port licentiousness.
 4. Warfare will be unknown among all nations.
 5. The knowledge of God shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.
- We repeat, then, and put on record the truth: The cause of the sea is the most important cause in the world.

From the Presbyterian.

A Curious Forecastle.

Extract from Journal of J. S. Pierson, Marine Agent of the N. Y. Bible Society.

Jan. 1861.—“Step this way, sir,” said an old French sailor whom I found in charge of the barque, lately returned from the coast of Africa, “and I will show you something you never saw before.” I followed him to the fore-castle, which in this case occupied the forward part of the house on deck, and saw what brought forcibly to mind the prophet’s vision of the latter days, when “*Holiness to the Lord*” is to be written “on the bells of the horses”—a text, by the way, which may be legitimately extended in its application to ships, which are the burden bearers of commerce on the ocean, as much as were, in those days, the long lines of mules or horses, each with its tinkling bell, upon the land. Every available space on the beams and walls was covered with Scripture texts, beautifully painted in large black letters on the white surface. Over the door, on one side, was the text from John vi. 39, “Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out;” and above the opposite door, from John xvi. 33, “In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” At the head of one berth, were painted the lines of the hymn,

“I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.”

And near another, in such a position as to be brought before the eyes of the person lying down, “I will both lay me down and sleep, for thou Lord only makest me to dwell in safety”—Psalm iv. 8. While on every side stood out such texts as these:—“Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith”—Heb. xii. 1, 2. “He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood”—Rev. i. 5. “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world”—Matt. xxviii. 20. “Pray without ceasing”—1 Thess. v. 17. “His mercy endureth for ever”—Psalm cvi. 1. “Men ought always to pray, and not to faint”—Luko xviii. 1. “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came

into the world to save sinners”—1 Tim. i. 15. “For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life”—John iii. 16. “Prepare to meet thy God”—Amos iv. 12.

“It is the work,” he explained, “of three of our men, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Dutchman, (members of the Rev. Mr.—’s church,) who belonged to the crew. So it is with sailors when they are converted; they hoist their colors. When they are born again, they are not born with the mouth shut. That’s the way it was with me when Mr.— laid his grappling irons on me three years ago—thank God! I had been a wicked sailor for nearly forty years, and at that time had been on a “burst” for nearly five weeks. I don’t suppose I ate sixpence worth of victuals during all that time. I was pretty near the end of the leather, and might have made away with myself at any moment! One Sunday morning I found myself seated in Mr.—’s church, and it seemed as if he saw right into me, for he told me all that I was thinking about.* Every word of his sermon just suited me. And then the next day he didn’t leave me to myself, but made one of his missionaries visit me every day. Ah! sir, I was a hard nut! I can’t help thinking now how different it might have been with me, if I had heard all this twenty years ago; for about that time I met with tracts, and liked them so that I gave a dollar to the man who brought them round; and a gentleman gave me a Bible in my own lingo. I do suppose that if any body had talked with me then, the devil would have had to leave me! Now, I love to see men come around on such errands as yours. I often read aloud a tract myself to those rough fellows on the Battery—and I tell you they listen and like them.”

Progress of Christ’s Kingdom.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal*, while holding that “nothing is more clearly predicted in the oracles of God than the final subjugation of all nations to the kingdom of Christ,” yet deem

amount of small money with me to give change, I could not tell till I reached the shore, whether I had received payment for the whole or not.

"When leaving one of the ships, a sailor ran after me, and handed me the price of his Testament, one shilling, saying he had not paid me. I found on reaching home they had all paid to a man, whether the price was two shillings, one shilling, or sixpence, according to the language and value of the book.

"One poor fellow could neither beg nor borrow a shilling to pay for his Russ Testament, and at last I was obliged to receive payment in small copper coins of about the value of half a farthing each, for I could not leave the ship without letting him have a copy. It was delightful to see such anxiety to possess the Word of God. Another rather pleasing looking sailor struck on the bright idea of reading a Testament aloud, as he stood alongside of me between the guns—a sort of living advertisement—making sure that he would get the copy for his trouble, not having even a copper to offer. I need not say that I presented him with a copy, having first ascertained that he was farthingless; and well he earned it, for he assisted me very materially in giving the proper change for the Russian coins, besides handing over to me the money from men who could not get close to me, but who had to pay for one or more copies. I could see little difference in any of the faces that surrounded me, and consequently could not tell positively who had or who had not paid, but was compelled to leave it to their sense of honor; and it gives me great pleasure to be able to say that their actions did not belie their manly looks, and I shall always be glad to see the honest face of a Russian sailor.

"On board one vessel I was told politely to call again on the morrow, as they were busy coaling and provisioning the ship. I answered that I had brought provisions, handing the officer a Testament, but turning at the same time to obey, when lo, my box and basket were gone below, between decks. I soon followed, and found them both empty. A boatswain's mate soon came in search of me to show me

the way out of the ship, little thinking I knew something of a ship of war, having been born on board one, and served rather more than seven years in the royal navy." However, I was ready to follow my pilot, empty box in hand, and money in pocket.

"Another Russian line of battle ship is expected here soon, and as we have a good supply now, I hope to give you a good account of them in future."—
From the Bible Society Record.

Ocean Splendors.

When the sea is perfectly clear and transparent it allows the eye to distinguish objects at a very great depth.—Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under twenty-five fathoms of water. The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean Sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who in the pursuit of his great discoveries, ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. "In passing over these splendidly adorned grounds," says Schopf, "where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seem to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy.

"On the clear sandy bottom appear thousands of sea-stars, sea-urchins, molluscs, and fishes of a brilliancy of color unknown in our temperate seas.—Burning red, intense blue, lively green, and golden yellow, perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea-plants, gorgonias, corals, alcyoniums, flabellums, and sponges, that afford no less delight to the eye, and are no less gently agitated by the heaving waters, than the most beautiful garden on earth when a gentle breeze passes through the waving boughs." Mr. Charles Darwin paints in vivid colors the magnificent spectacle presented by the sea, while sailing in the latitudes of Cape Horn on a very dark night.

There was a fresh breeze, and every part of the surface which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached the crest of every wave

was bright, and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the rest of the heavens. While *La Venus* was at anchor before Simon's Town the breaking of the waves produced so strong a light that the room in which the naturalists of the expedition were seated was illumined as by sudden flashes of lightning. Although more than fifty paces from the beach where the phenomenon took place, they tried to read by this wondrous oceanic light, but the successive glimpses were of two short duration to gratify their wishes.

Thus we see the same nocturnal splendor which shines forth in the tropical seas, and gleams along our shores burst forth from the Arctic waters, and from the waves that bathe the southern promontories of the old and the new world. But what is the cause of the beautiful phenomenon widely spreads over the face of the ocean? How comes it that at certain times flames issue from the bosom of an element generally so hostile to their appearance? Without troubling the reader with the groundless surmises of ancient naturalists, or repeating the useless tales of the past, I shall at once place myself with him on the stage of our actual knowledge of this interesting and mysterious subject.—It is now no longer a matter of doubt that almost all inferior marine animals, particularly the jelly-fishes, many molluscs and annelides, crustaceans and infusoria, possess the faculty of emitting a phosphoric light, and adding their might to the grand phenomenon. When we consider their countless multitudes, we shall no longer wonder at such magnificent effects being produced by creatures individually so insignificant. In our seas it is chiefly a minute gelatinous animal, the *mammalia scintillans*, which, as it were, repeats the splendid spectacle of the starry heavens on the surface of the ocean.

On filling a vessel with the luminous water, the small *mammariæ*, about the size of a pin's head, may by daylight be seen floating at the top. For the most part transparent as crystal, they only in one spot exhibit a milky opacity. Under the microscope they

plainly appear as globular animals, with an indentation corresponding to the dull spot on the surface, from which a tolerably long tenacle proceeds, moving slowly about as if in quest of food.

It can easily be proved that the phenomenon proceeds from the animals, for on straining the phosphorescent water it entirely lost its luminous property, while the *mammariæ* remaining on the filter shine on being moved, the intensity of the light being always in proportion to their number. And finally, on gently shaking in the dark a bottle of sea-water containing some of these animals, small luminous bodies are seen to fall and rise in the same manner as *mammariæ*, when similarly agitated during the day time, sink in the liquid, and then again ascend to the surface.—*Hartwig.*

The Depths of the Ocean.

The depths of the Pacific are as yet imperfectly explored; those of the Atlantic, however, have been better ascertained; and from Maury's map we may derive a good general idea of the shoals and abysses of this great sea bed. "The deepest depression of the Atlantic basin seems to lie between thirty-three degrees and forty degrees N. lat., where the plummet [though we must allow for errors occasioned by the possible deflection of the line] has been lowered to the depth of 30,000 and even 40,000 feet." "At short distances from Madeira, the Cape de Verd Islands, and the Bermudas, the sea deepens to 12,000 and 15,000 feet, so that from the ocean ground, yon isle-clusters would appear as the summits of mighty mountain lands, grand and imposing as the Andes." Pointing out how, towards the North, the bed of the Atlantic rises and forms, between Ireland and Northumberland, a plain, the depth of which seems no where to exceed 11,000 feet, the author comments on the self-multiplying benefits of speculative knowledge, remarking that a discovery which twenty years ago might have been considered valueless to mankind, now justifies the hope "that one day the bold idea of uniting the two worlds by means of the electric telegraph may be realized!" The enclosed

European seas are comparatively very shallow. The depth of the Baltic seldom exceeds 250 feet, and there is only one spot where the sounding line finds a depression of 840 feet. Between the Orkneys and Norway, the North Sea has its maximum depth of 800 feet. The Mediterranean, in some parts, attains a depth of more than 6,000 feet; the Black Sea, with the same reservation, of more than 3,000; while the waters of the Adriatic every where roll over a shallow bed.—*London Spectator.*

A Word in Season.

James A. Haldane, who recently died in Edinburgh, in his early life commanded the man-of-war "Melville Castle." When engaged in an action, he ordered up a fresh set of hands to take the place of those who had been killed by the broadside of the enemy. The men seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades, instinctively drew back, at which he poured forth a volley of oaths, and wished them all in hell. A religious seaman shortly after said to him respectfully and seriously, "*If God had heard your prayer just now, where should we have been?*" His words were winged by Him who never smites in vain, and from that day the captain became a changed man. He lived to preach the gospel fifty-four years. His brother Robert, now known as an able, learned and pious comentator, was early converted under his preaching. Robert went to Geneva, and while there a number of young men were converted under his labors, among whom were Frederic Monod, now one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church in France, Felix Neff, the devoted young pastor of the high Alps, and Merle D'Aubigné the historian of the Reformation. Who can gather up the results of that single conversion on board the Melville Castle, brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor to his profane commander?

Friday not an Unlucky Day.

Americans, at any rate, have no reason to be afraid of Friday. Mr. Timbs gives us this catalogue of fortunate circumstances occurring on that day: "On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christo-

pher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known, which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 6, 1496, Henry VIII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1563, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *May Flower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed the atugst compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 10, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 2, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

"ALL THE RIVERS RUN INTO THE SEA, YET IS THE SEA NOT FULL."—The extent of the basins of some of the principal rivers gives some idea of the enormous quantity of water constantly flowing into the great oceans. An area of 7,000 square miles is drained by the Rhone; the Rhine, which by its windings has a length of 600 miles, drains

an area of twice that extent; the Danube drains an area of 55,000 square miles; the St. Lawrence collects the water that falls in an area of 300,000 square miles; and the Mississippi of 1,000,000 square miles. It is estimated that 1,800,000,000 tons of water fall daily into the Mediterranean sea. More than a fourth of the river water of all Europe falls into the Black sea.

"A Day's March Nearer Home."

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from heaven I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home! Nearer home!
However dark and lonely
The path through which we roam,
This is a journey only;
And though we oft, affrighted,
Shrink back with sigh and moan,
Our camp-fires still are lighted
"A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home! Nearer home!
Oh, joy beyond expressing!
That over thorn and stone,
Our feet are homeward pressing;
For though we leave behind us
Some buds of hope unblown,
The sunset still doth find us
"A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home! Nearer home!
O "many-mansioned" dwelling!
Beneath thy shining dome,
No tides of grief are swelling;
And toward thy fadeless glory
With eager haste we come,
Repeating earth's brief story,
"A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home! Nearer home!
Soon, through its open portals,
The ransomed hosts will come,
To welcome us immortals.
Then be the path before us
With wrecks or roses strewn,
Each night we'll sing in chorus,
"A day's march nearer home."

—*Examiner.*

ARRIVALS.—During 1860, there arrived at the port of New York 4,451 vessels from foreign ports, of which 319 were steamers, 797 ships, 978

barks, 1,335 brigs, and 972 schooners. Of the whole number, 2,956 were American, 1,132 British, 154 Bremen and Hamburg. The number of steamers from domestic ports was 2,261. The number of passengers arriving from foreign ports was 266,627; in 1859, it was 101,320; the number from California was 10,710. Between 1850 and 1860 inclusive, there were 42,598 arrivals at New York from foreign ports, bringing 2,451,533 passengers, besides 134,920 from California.

Is it True?

A cave has been discovered in Alachua county, Florida, which is described as larger than the mammoth cave of Kentucky, and as having an ancient Latin inscription on the walls, which states that a party of Danes had visited this cave in the year 1050, and that a priest who accompanied them had left this memorial of their visit. The name of this priest was Marcus Poleus. It is also stated that these bold navigators had embarked on a voyage of exploration, and had been driven far south; also that they had visited many islands, and finally had landed in a thickly-populated country, where the people had received them kindly, thinking them superior beings; that several of their number, together with some Greek artisans and two priests, had been left there as a colony. Is this a relic of the party that the Mexicans say visited them four hundred years before Cortez landed, and taught them the arts of civilized life, or is it a humbug?

The Gale.

A furious north-east gale which prevailed around the English coast on the 9th Feb., had entailed an immense loss of life and property. At Hull, a large number of vessels were driven ashore, and numerous lives were lost. At Whitby, eleven wrecks occurred, and two vessels foundered with all on board. At Kingstown, Ireland, sixteen vessels were wrecked, mostly in the harbor, and many lives were lost. Captain Boyd, belonging to a man-of-war at Kingstown, and his boat's crew

were on the pier, endeavoring to save the crew of a vessel, when a wave swept them all into the sea, and they were drowned. In addition to the there are numerous melancholy reports of casualties and wrecks from various parts of the coast. At Lloyds on the 11th, advices were received in the aggregate of 135 losses, being the largest number ever posted in one day. At Hartlepool, between 50 and 60 vessels were stranded.

The American ship *Sciota*, from New Orleans, put into Queenstown with loss of main and mizen masts.

The *Richard*, from Bremen for New Orleans, put into Southampton on the 12th with rudder damaged.

The *Waverly*, from New York for Havre, was towed into Castlehaven on the 12th, waterlogged.

Marine Losses for February.

We publish below our monthly list of Marine Losses for the past month, showing an aggregate of forty-eight vessels, of which four were ships, eleven were barks, nine were brigs, and twenty-four were schooners. The total value of property lost and missing was *one million two hundred and thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars*. This is the value of the property totally lost, exclusive of damage to vessels not amounting to a total loss. The vessels reported in this list are chiefly American, although some foreign are included, when bound to or from a United States port, or known to be insured in this country.

The total losses for January were: one steamer, seventeen ships, eight barks, five brigs and eleven schooners, with a total value of property lost and missing amounting to *one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars*.

	Vessels.	Value.
Total Vessels for January.....	42	\$1,565,000
“ “ February.....	48	1,237,825

Total for two months..... \$2,802,825

Vessels marked *a*, are abandoned at sea; those marked *b*, burned; those marked *f*, foundered, and those marked *s. c.*, sunk after collision.

SHIPS.

David Brown, fr. San Francisco for Liverpool, *a*; loss \$150,000.
 Glenlyon, [Br.] fr. Savannah for Liverpool, *a*; loss \$150,000.

Izaak Walton, fr. Hong Kong, for Bangkok; loss \$14,500.
 Michael Angelo, fr. New Orleans for Havre; loss \$65,000.

BARKS.

Anfon, [Aus.] fr. New York for Cork, *a*; loss \$42,000.
 A. J. Fulton, [Br.] fr. Boston for S. John, N. B.; loss \$25,000.
 Charles Brownell, [Br.] fr. Baltimore for Liverpool *a*; loss \$50,000.
 Gurdela, [Brem.] fr. Richmond for Bremen; loss \$80,000.
 Mary Carson, [Br.] fr. Charleston for Liverpool, *b*; loss \$145,000.
 Lunan, [Br.] fr. New York for Plymouth, *a*; loss \$27,000.
 Nimrod, fr. St. Ann's Bay for London, *a*; loss \$25,000.
 Sarah A. Ball, [Br.] fr. Boston for Liverpool; loss \$10,000.
 Tonquin, fr. Glasgow for Santos, *f*; loss \$18,000.
 Vindolana, [Br.] fr. New York for Gloucester; loss \$45,000.
 W. H. Jenkins, [Br.] fr. Androssan for Boston; loss \$24,000.

BRIGS.

Ann Elizabeth, fr. Demarara for New York; loss \$9,000.
 Albatross, fr. Sagua for New York, *a*; loss \$17,000.
 Carolina, fr. Cardenas for New York, *a*; loss \$22,000.
 Coquette, fr. Carribean Sea for Baltimore; loss \$6,000.
 Corbiere, [Br.] fr. New York for Queenstown, *a*; loss \$22,000.
 Homer, [Br.] fr. Cienuegos for New York, *s. c*; loss \$25,006.
 James Madison, fr. Atakapas for Baltimore; loss \$18,000.
 S. G. Bass, fr. Nevassa for Baltimore, *a*; loss \$6,000.
 Velocipede, [Br.] fr. Cienfuegos for Halifax, N. S.; loss \$10,000.

SCHOONERS.

Albert, [Br.] fr. Havana to Halifax; loss \$8,000.
 Boxer, fisherman of Rockport; loss \$500.
 Black Monster, (3 masted,) fr. Baltimore for Rio Janeiro, *a*; loss \$27,000.
 C. T. Strong, from Baltimore for New York *s. c*; loss \$8,000.
 Dorcas Ireland, fr. Mobile for Providence; loss \$35,000.
 Empire, fr. Norfolk for New York; loss \$14,000.
 Edith May, fisherman, of Rockport; loss \$3,000.
 Everglade, fr. Turks Island, for Boston; loss \$9,000.
 Grace Caroline, fr. Patuxent for New Haven; loss \$5,000.
 Grey Eagle, fr. Norfolk for Baltimore, *f*; loss \$5,000.
 Hamlet, fr. Jacksonville for Havana; loss \$4,000.
 Harriet Newell, fr. Norfolk for Providence; loss \$5,000.
 H. E. Raimond, fr. Acapulco for San Blas, *a*; loss \$20,000.
 Helena, fr. New Orleans for Mobile; loss \$4,000.
 Isabel, fr. San Andreas for Baltimore, *a*; loss \$5,000.
 Maria Morton, fr. Galveston for Pensacola; loss \$4,000.
 North State, fr. Mobile for Providence; loss \$18,000.
 Narragaus, fr. St. Pierre, Miq. for Boston; loss \$10,000.
 R. R. Freeman, fr. Tangier for Boston, *f*; loss \$2,500.
 Sweepstakes, fisherman, of Gloucester, *m*; loss \$3,325.
 Telegraph, fisherman, of Gloucester; loss \$5,000.
 Twin Brother, fr. Boston for Lavacca, *m*; loss \$30,000.
 Volta, of Greenport; loss \$3,000.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



[CHRIST IN THE STORM.]

[MATT. VIII: 24, 25.]

Generous Responses.

A gentleman was at our elbow when the articles "*Plea for the Rich*," and "*Plea to the Rich*," published in the foregoing pages, were written, and they were read to him. The next day he called and left his check for \$25.

A clergyman in Connecticut writes:

"I called a day or two since on a secluded maiden lady, a member of this church, and as I was leaving she put into my hand the enclosed (\$10) ten dollars, and said with much emotion, 'I want that to go for Bibles and Tes-

taments for Sailors. They go to all parts of the world and I feel much interest for them.'"

A lady in New Jersey who has forwarded two contributions of \$10 each during the last three months, now sends \$20 with the following note.—We italicize the most important line which tells the story. Alms and prayers—they go together.

MR. BROWN,

Dear Sir:—I am so sorry to see you are so in want of funds. When will Christians awake to their duty?

It would cost no sacrifice to some, and others ought not only to be willing but *thankful*, if by making a sacrifice, they can help on so blessed and glorious a cause as your Society is engaged in. *You have my prayers daily*, and that may do more than the small sum I am able to send. I enclose \$20."

A New York Merchant sends \$100.

Christian discipline on ship-board.

To the Editor of "The Seamen's Friend."

Dear Sir:—You will see by the article you copied from "The Pacific," (inserted in your issue for March,) the sort of discipline I am endeavoring to establish on board the ship under my command, and the sort of culture I am striving to give to the young men who are growing up around me. I wish to add my own testimony to the efficacy of such discipline. It has its basis in the Christian religion; its text book is the Bible. It is not a nerveless, happy-go-lucky, slip-along-easy, make-do-for-the-present system, but it has the vigor, power and permanent good results that have always attended the sway of christian principle over the human mind.

It is nothing new. It has had in the past such advocates and practical supporters as Sir John Franklin of the British navy, and Sir Henry Havelock of the British army; and we may safely say that wherever it has been tested fairly, it has never failed. I have been in command of a vessel for seven years, and the conviction has been yearly growing stronger upon me that a christian discipline is practicable on ship board—that it is the strongest and most permanent kind of discipline—that it best promotes the interests of ship-owners and of commerce generally—that it is impartial, regarding *equally* the rights of the master, his subordinates and all who have entrusted their interests to them. It seeks not only to make the sailor more efficient in his calling, but to make him a better man, a more useful member of society. Instead of subduing him by coercive measures, it aims to make him capable of self-government. I have always reserved the right to resort to physical

force should it be necessary; but that occasion has never yet arisen with me: and it is a very interesting fact, and one that gives me great encouragement, that the larger my crews have been, the more orderly they have been. The majority of the officers that have been under me had previously been accustomed to fighting in their discipline,—nearly all have thought that some measure at least of brute force was absolutely necessary to a passable getting along with the sailors. But against these odds I have, by the help of God, succeeded in maintaining a good discipline, and have demonstrated to the satisfaction of these same fighting men, that there was an easier and better way, and a way that was more permanent in its results, of managing men, than that in which they had been trained.

Now this admirable discipline, this great desideratum of our maritime commerce, is the most practicable, yea it is the only kind that can be universal. All men can use it if they will. But all men cannot carry terror to the hearts of others and bring them to subjection by fear; they too often lack the thunder of the voice, the lightning of the eye, the nerve, the power of arm and foot perhaps, necessary to accomplish this. This is one grand point that needs to be established in the nautical and commercial part of the community, that a strictly christian discipline is practicable on ship-board. Good, honest ship masters do not believe it; ship owners do not believe it; some christian ship owners, even, are here incredulous. I need only point such to the fishermen of Galilee, who from the most discordant and rude elements collected large bodies of men and established among them a discipline that made them patterns of law and order in the midst of a riotous and seditious generation; and that, without arms, weapons, physical force or the aid of human law. Moreover, one of the same school did actually restore order among a stranding ship's company, of two hundred three score and sixteen souls, when the authority of the ship-master and his Roman centurions had ceased to be effective. We need to advise no new schemes to make our ships' companies orderly, obedient, and

faithful; we have only to return to the discipline of heroic and sagacious Paul, of fearless and energetic Peter, of the bold, lofty-minded, and man-loving John, and their associates, that the same power that wrought through them, may work through us to the production of like results.

C. H. BARRETT.

A Man-of-War's-Man's letter to his Friend.

Some years ago the President of one of our Wall Street institutions befriended a poor Irish boy, who afterwards became a sailor. On the sea—we might almost say *in* the sea—he found a Saviour. One day he fell overboard. He was a strong swimmer and was enabled to keep afloat until he was picked up by the ship's boat. During that hour of peril and suspense he cried with sinking Peter "Lord save me, or I perish!" Jesus stretched out a hand of mercy to him, and he consecrated himself to Jesus's service.

We have been permitted to publish a part of one of his letters to his friend. We think our readers will agree with us that it is remarkable not only as a piece of literary composition (considering the antecedents and advantages of its author) but as an expression of Christian Experience.

There is one part of it which we commend especially to converted sailors, and more especially to new converts. Some of them seem to suppose, usually such as have some education and some gift in prayer and exhortation, that they are called to a higher sphere of usefulness than the fore-castle or even the quarter-deck. They must study—go to college—and *preach*.

We admit some may be called from the sea to be fishers of men on shore; but in general, we think Paul's exhortation marks out the better course, "Let every man abide in the calling wherein

he is called." The sea offers a boundless field and full scope for the loftiest intellect. We want good men—the best men—on the sea. We commend to them the example of Capt. Barrett (see *Sailor's Magazine* for March) and the sentiments of this letter.

The writer commences his letter with a poetic extract which he seems to have adopted as his motto.

James-Town, Ild. of St. Helena,
December 1st., 1860.

"My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way;
O, teach me from my heart to say
Thy Will be done.

"Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away—
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy Will be done.

"Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
To Thee, O Lord! I'll leave the rest,
Thy Will be done."

My Dear Friend:

Another opportunity presents itself at this time to send you a few lines, and I assure you that it is with exceeding joy I embrace it. I do not think that I ever sat down to write with a greater longing for a simple, child-like spirit of truth, than I realize at the present moment. It does me so much good to open my whole heart to you, and let you know all those secret joys and sorrows which I never explain to any body else in this world. Jesus said "I will send you another comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, because he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Again, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but one jot or tittle of my words shall never pass away." I know that a growing earnestness possesses me in realizing the reality of my Saviour's everlasting promises. When I say "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief;" my inmost heart re-echoes the prayer. O, you cannot know what a doubting, faithless wretch I have been. It would frighten you if I were to give expression to some of the dreadful thoughts which have often been my agonizing companions for whole days together. In fact this doubting spirit

has been my besetting sin, and it is only the mercy of the All-Merciful which has saved my dark heart from the unbeliever's destiny. Again and again has Jesus given me convincing proof of my acceptance with Him; there have been hours in my religious experience when I have knelt at His feet until I could almost hear him say "... But ye see me—Because I live ye shall live also." Yes, I have surely felt all my burdens lifted up, and my whole heart has struggled to give some expression to its fulness of adoration and love. I will not try to describe the rapturous sensations of joyful peace which the Lord Jesus has bestowed upon me from time to time, but it is impossible that I should ever forget them. Often in the night watches have I spent the whole time repeating to myself the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and my soul has almost groaned under the weight of joyful acceptance which it experienced. During these seasons of blessedness, I have been constrained to say, "It is impossible that I can ever doubt again."—"It would be mockery to question my acceptance any more." I find equivalent expressions repeated again and again in my journal; but alas! bitter experience has taught me to know, that as the morning dew are my remembrances of Jesus' love, if my own heart is to keep them alive and faithful. Before the first blast of temptation are swept all my boasted expressions of gratitude and unselfish love, and before another season of prayer arrives, I can only cry "God help me, for I am helpless!"

You warned me against self-confidence. If you knew me as I know myself, and as Jesus knows me, you would realize that it is impossible to bestow a spark of trust upon my good intentions, or desire for holiness. Surely I have tried those things to my heart's content. I might repose some confidence on the innate nobility of another man, but I cannot find a particle of natural worthiness in my composition. Without Jesus I would be all that is despicable, because I possess no native desire to be true and pure.

Surely "I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all:—but Jesus Christ is my all in all." Had ever man reason to feel this utter unworthiness as I have? I

think not. But I have made His soul an offering for my sin; I have knelt at His feet and said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," and I believe that He has heard and answered me. I stand where I did, *struggling* through much tribulation; but thank God, I am *struggling*. I would not have it otherwise. I am content to struggle on until my days are ended, for I am satisfied that at the best I can never attain the acme of my heart's desire while I am in the world. When I can reach that spirit of unworldliness which Paul expressed in 1st. Philippians, 20-24th verse, I shall never seek nor desire greater blessedness. I feel constrained to say that if I could only attain that self-giving spirit of love for the Lord, which Saul of Tarsus possessed, I should be content to spend an eternity in just my present struggling position. What can the world, or its vanities, be to such a man? surely "nothing, and less than nothing." No, I do not believe that my heart would desire a greater degree of happiness than to possess in my present state a full assurance of hope. Perhaps it is a fault with me that I do not long as ardently for, or think as deeply upon the joys of Heaven as I should. My most earnest agonizing appears to be based upon a desire to be like Paul, as self devoted, as faithful—might I say as useful?

I have been constrained to love that perfect, self-giving principle which his daily walk evinced, and like him I have tried to say "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I do not mean to say that I repeated this question with the same faithful spirit; but still I prayed that my selfishness might not influence the call of duty—I will explain myself.

You may have noticed from the tone of some of my late letters to you, that I was somewhat unsettled in my mind with regard to my future course in life. In fact I have discovered for a long time that I was involuntarily nursing a picture of home-happiness in the distance, without giving the desire any distinct shape or form. Again and again did I try to get rid of the idea, but I found that in spite of all my efforts, the visions of the future were monthly becoming more tangible and life-like.

Still I dismissed the matter until I found that it was becoming a first thought to me. You may remember, that in my last letter, I expressed myself with confidence about the matter. Since then my mind has changed, and I have settled the question for ever. I am perfectly satisfied that the first wish of my heart is, to devote myself *wholly*, to the service of Jesus. I want to feel and realize that no condition in this world would satisfy me so well, as to know that I am His devoted servant. In short, if it were not presumption on my part, I would desire to be even as Paul was, spending, and being spent for His sake 'who has borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows, and by whose stripes I am healed.' He saved me, Himself He could not save: and can I hold any thing in my heart that I would not yield for the sake of adding more honor to His name? I speak the honest faithful truth, (*He knows it,*) when I say, that to be able to possess the spirit of Mary when she anointed His feet with her alabaster box of ointment, I would give up every thing that my heart has wished for.

I am convinced that in my present position in life I have found the proper vocation in which to carry the Cross with any hope of doing good. The Missionary field is more extensive here, and I am better fitted for the work than I ever could be any where else. I know all this, and inasmuch as I would be His servant first, while I can see the path of duty as plainly marked out as I do now, nothing in the world will ever cause me to run away from the sure way. Now don't think that I speak presumptuously, or from a realization of my own strength; far, far from it. What I would say is this: in the dark still night, when no eye saw me but His, even at the foot of His self-giving Cross, I was constrained to believe that it was my duty to give up all those longings for self gratification which have troubled me so long, and to make up my mind to spend my days in just my present condition. It cost me a struggle to decide, but I have been more than repaid already. My heart realizes a state of trustful dependence which I never knew before, and I cannot help thanking Him for this privilege, for so I account it. The only question to be settled was, whether

my health would permit me to spend my days thus. I cannot say that it would not. My health at the present moment is more robust than I have known it for years, and it is becoming uniformly so. Have I made myself intelligible? I asked Him to teach me my duty, and to give me strength to follow the straight way, He has done so, and my prayer is answered.

It would be a mighty consideration which might give me sufficient reason to say that I am mistaken now. I know that I was sincere in seeking light, and I feel in my heart that I have found it.

Our nightly meetings continue, tho' I have had to grieve over the forgetfulness of one or two of our number.—St. Helena presented attractions for the indulgence of sinful gratifications, and they forgot to rest on Jesus. They appear to be very repentant, but alas! the injury which such things do to the cause is immeasurable. Our peculiarity is so great here, and our smallest slippings so heavily weighed, that, if we would not be stumbling blocks, we must be ever watchful unto prayer.

This has been a great discouragement to me; but I hope for better things when we get away from the temptations. * * * *

Yours affectionately,
T. S. D.

N. Y. City Bible Society.

We have received the advance sheets of the forthcoming Report of the New York City Bible Society. The Marine portion of it, prepared by that excellent Agent, J. S. Pierson, Esq., is full of interest, giving evidence of the power of God's gracious work upon the sea.

We shall avail ourselves of the privilege of drawing upon its wealth.

REPORT OF MARINE COMMITTEE.

This Committee during the past fourteen months have put in circulation 2,933 Bibles and 22,544 Testaments; total, 25,447 volumes. Of this number about 10,000 Testaments were placed on shipboard for the benefit of emigrants coming to this port; and 3,559 volumes were sold at the office

in charge of this Committee, to persons not seamen, for which the receipts were \$1,223 81. Total receipts from sales, \$1,370 31.

The field of this Committee is the shipping and seamen of the port of New York, the second city in the world for the amount of its ocean commerce. An estimate made at the U. S. Revenue Barge Office puts the arrivals for 1860 of vessels from salt water alone at 15,764; of which 4,451 were from foreign ports. This number represents not less than 110,000 seamen, arriving from the ocean; to whom must be added the thousands of boatmen and sailors navigating the steamboats, market sloops, fishing craft, canal boats, &c., that belong to our inland waters.

The main items of the distribution embrace 1,587 vessels. * * *

The Committee have continued as their Agent their well tried and experienced friend John S. Pierson, Esq., through whom the work accomplished has been performed, and to whom the committee are becoming great debtors for his invaluable zeal and industry.

In addition to his labor, the Committee feel indebted to Captain Elliott, and his predecessor, Mr. Gardner, missionaries of the Port Society, who have proved their devotion to Bible distribution by placing in the hands of sailors, whom they have visited at their boarding houses, about 3,000 Testaments.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORK ON TH SEA.—
THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT AMONG SEAMEN.

"In illustration of the wonderful work which God is just now doing among seamen, and in particular of the missionary spirit which is the marked characteristic of these converts, I add sketches of several cases met with last month.

"Aug. 23d.—D. B., a Dutch sailor, just arrived from Trieste in the bark *Louisa Hatch*, a vessel which I fitted out with our supplies in December last, called at the office to-day to buy a Bible, and brings the news of a revival on board during the voyage, he and three others of the crew being converted through the blessing of God on the efforts of two pious Englishmen, the cook and steward. These two

men, without aid from captain or officers, began on the first day out, and maintained throughout the voyage, a daily prayer meeting in the galley, which they induced individuals of the crew to attend. One after another was drawn in, until the happy result was as above stated. Three of these converts united with the Baptist Church last Sunday. What renders the case more interesting is that these two men were recent converts themselves, and this was their first attempt to live the life, and do the missionary work of the Christian sailor on ship-board. The captain put into their hands the tracts and Testaments which I had sent aboard for the crew, which doubtless had their share in producing the happy result. They also distributed the Italian supplies at Leghorn and Trieste. * * *

Sept.—I have just had a visit from Mr. B—, the young English steward referred to above. He calls to ask a further outfit of good reading matter, being now bound home, to Rippon, county of York, England. In the zeal of a first love, his heart is set upon carrying the 'good news' to his old neighbors, who, living in a rural and rather out of the way district, he describes as in a very neglected state, religiously. * * *

The Right.

Stand for the right through thick or thin,
'Let rogues uphold the wrong;
Be manful, cheerful: in the din,
Triumph is with the strong.
Whate'er the bad may say or do,
Fight for the honest part;
What bodes a frown, a growl to you,
If truth sustains the heart.

New York Port Society.

To the Board of Directors of the N. Y. P. Socy.

GENTLEMEN:—In presenting the Report of my labors for the month of February, I feel that the first place is due to the record of the divine blessing as we have experienced it in the Morning Prayer Meeting, the average attendance on which has been 25 daily. Some very marked evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit, have been vouchsafed to us, in connection with

that meeting, during the past month. Of the ten persons received into Church-Membership this month, five were either awakened, or have had their christian graces fostered and strengthened, by attendance at the hour of Morning Prayer. It has also been of very great service to many who have gone to sea with Christ's love in their hearts for the first time. Some of these, it is probable, we may never hear from again; some however, who have made their first voyage in the fore-castle or cabin, as the representatives of Christ, have returned to us richly laden with the experience of the divine love, and assured of the heavenly inheritance awaiting them beyond the grave, to which by the grace of God they are daily tending.

And the cause for gratitude is presented in the fact, that on the last Sabbath we entered upon the sixth year of the History of our Organization. On the first Sabbath of March 1856, just five years previous, we commenced our ecclesiastical existence, with a membership of 60 souls, including the council of the Church (who are ex-officio members by our Constitution). To-day, that number has been increased to *six hundred and forty seven*, exclusive of the Council, or *six hundred and fifty one in all*. "What hath God wrought!" "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." "Jehovah hath done great things for us: we are glad."

The correspondence from our Brethren at sea is, this month, full of encouragement. The Brethren have met with each other, in the different men-of-war, on Foreign stations, to worship God; and in one instance, some 25 of those on board the U. S. S. Niagara, met to praise God in a Buddhist Temple, in the far off isles of Japan. Some letters are laden with joy, and some come to us imploring our prayers that God would soften the hearts of their officers, so that permission may be given them to worship God. This is in some vessels of war denied them, while, in the same vessels, dramatic companies are allowed all necessary privileges. This state of things is deplored, rather than complained of. I do hope that prayer for these patient

sufferers may go up to God continually, and that we may remember those who are thus bound, as bound with them.

Among other things of a pleasing nature, to be recorded for our comfort and encouragement, is the effect of the Pastoral correspondence upon our absent Brethren. Several have written to thank me for my letters, and to relate the pleasing results produced in themselves and in their shipmates, who have been encouraged to take a new start for the kingdom of Christ, on account of the expressions of abiding sympathy contained therein.

One writing from the Island of St. Helena, says: "I saw Anderson, of the Portsmouth, yesterday. His is a true heart. You may well be proud of him! He reports one recent conversion on board, and he gave me your Pastoral letter to read. It must do good. He says that the fruit is visible already! Cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days."

Another from the U. S. S. Hartford, at China, writes: "We all join in sending you our kind and warmest thanks for the reading matter you have sent us. Such acts of kindness as these, are invaluable. When, at times, the heart is sad and sorrowful, and despondency has filled the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away and makes the path of life cheerful and pleasant. Dear Pastor, it does often cheer us on with the thought that you have not forgotten us."

Still one more, writing from the Pacific, says: "Let me thank you once more for your kind offer to correspond with me, for a word of Christian counsel from you will always strengthen me and cheer me up to battle manfully for my Lord and Saviour."

The general tone of the correspondence this month, is gratifying as it indicates the presence of the Spirit of God in many ships, and records in some instances the return of back-sliders, and in others the conversion of souls hitherto careless and rebellious.

The actual labors of the past month, will compare well with that of previous months. I have made 82 visits, 36 of which were pastoral, 32 official and 14 to ships, &c. Have attended 30 prayer meetings, preached 10 sermons, de-

livered 4 addresses, attended 1 funeral, have baptized 8 children, distributed 86 volumes, 1 Bible, 1 Test. Written 3 articles for the Press, received 63 letters and written 64. Sent large packages of papers and other reading matter to the Home and other squadrons, and sent one library to sea.

Four hundred and forty two persons have called at my residence on business, (exclusive of the Social meeting,) 120 of whom are seamen. Two enquirers have called upon me, 4 have been hopefully converted, and 6 conversions have been heard from. With 61 persons I have bowed in prayer.

As a result of the labors of the Church Committee, Missionary, Pastor and others, it may be pleasant to know that the Mariner's Church was never in a more flourishing or prosperous state than at the present time.

All of which is respectfully submitted by

CHAS. J. JONES, *Pastor.*

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Richmond, Va.

REV. F. J. BOGGS, *Chaplain.*

The basement of the new and beautiful Bethel which is in process of erection, was dedicated on 17th. ult. to the cause of Christ and the Sailor. The Chaplain writes that every thing was most encouraging, and it was an impressive time. He preached in the morning, and Rev. Mr. Fletcher in the afternoon. The only drawback is the want of funds, which has compelled the suspension of work.

It would give us great pleasure to render our friends in Richmond pecuniary aid at this juncture, to enable them to complete their noble enterprise; but in the exhausted and overdrawn state of our Treasury, we are constrained to repress our desires in that direction, while we assure them of our sympathy.

If any persons seeing this paragraph shall be prompted to contribute to that special purpose, we shall be happy

to forward their alms. We would be glad to strengthen the bonds of Christian love between brethren North and South. It might gratify some parties who are interested in the James River trade, to render help in this laudable undertaking to afford religious instruction to the Seamen who are engaged therein.

Wilmington, N. C.

REV. J. N. ANDREWS, *Chaplain.*

We have letters from Mr. George W. Williams, superintendent of the Sailor's Home, announcing that the brother whose name is given above, is now engaged in the work of the Lord in the Wilmington Bethel; and what is better still, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls has come to them with the blessings of his grace and salvation.

Mr. Williams says: "We have had a blessed time, for a few weeks past, with the company of a large number of Christian sailors. O, my brothers, it is truly encouraging to hear a converted sailor give his testimony for Jesus. Not only does it do good to the Sailors who hear him, but it has its effect on the people on shore in bringing them to feel that really the men of the Sea are chosen ones of our Saviour, as instruments in converting the world. For indeed they are genuine missionaries of the cross to carry the glad tidings of salvation to a sinful world.

May the Lord increase their number so that we shall soon have praying men in every vessel that floats on the Ocean. And verily I believe it will soon be so if we unite our prayers, believing the promises.

I send a paper containing the views of one of our citizens on this cause. May the good spirit wake up many such to take an interest in seamen!

From the N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE GOSPEL FOR SEAMEN.

Messrs. Editors:—There was once a period when the sailor could truly exclaim, "No man careth for my soul;"

but thank God, that day is rapidly passing away, and the erection, in different places, of Homes and Bethels for the temporal and spiritual wants of the sailor, renders that excuse unavailable.

Many persons have permitted the belief to settle upon their minds, that it was impossible to do any thing for the spiritual condition of seamen; and many sailors have thought it impossible to serve God and go to sea.

Both of these are wrong conclusions; and I would beg leave to inform your readers, that I have attended prayer-meetings where seamen have given their testimony for Jesus, and although it was rather difficult to understand some of them, from their broken and imperfect English, yet enough crumbs could be gathered to form an idea of the richness of the crust; for they would assert that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I have also heard them speak in reference to the belief that it was impossible to serve God and go to sea. They say it is possible, and that they believe God is as near, if not nearer to them, on sea, than on land; for they frequently feel His presence far away at sea.

I have also attended prayers aboard of a vessel; the Master would call his men in the cabin, read and explain some of the precious truths from the word of God, and then after singing, we would have prayers; but not, as is generally the case upon shore, that is, one prayer, but if time would allow, the captain would pray, and then several of the men, and frequently it was like a heaven below, for the influence of the Holy Spirit is sensibly felt.

In conclusion allow me to say that our Bethel and Home in Wilmington have not been erected in vain; for, a son of the sea, converted in the Seaman's Home at this place, is now in the Tropics laboring as a missionary to seamen. There he is called by no church, ordained by no Bishop, but receiving the Uncction from on High, he is laboring for the salvation of souls.

A young sailor who signed our Temperance pledge, has since made a profession of religion, and is now in one of the eastern counties of the Old North State, studying for the ministry.

Brethren, pray for our Bethel, and

that the sons of the sea may be converted unto God; for although the sailor may possess a rough hand, he has a warm heart; and no matter how dissipated they may be, a tear will be visible upon their cheeks when you speak kindly to them and let them see that you are interested in their welfare. Remember, Christian, that every converted sailor becomes at once a missionary of the cross, and may, perhaps, carry the good news, the glad tidings, where none of our ministers can or will go.

There are now in port twenty or thirty converted and zealous seamen, and I think it would do you (Messrs. Editors,) good to see some of these old tars distributing tracts, and hear them reply, when asked under whose direction they were distributing them, that they were doing it under the direction of God. And I think you would be spiritually benefitted to attend meetings with them, and especially some of the prayer-meetings which they are holding.

WILL.

Wilmington, N. C., Feb'y 4th., 1861.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Gothland--Buttle Wisby.

J. LINDELIIUS, *Sailor Missionary.*

Mr. Lindelius, who recently visited this country, reports his safe return and arrival at home. He has recommenced his much loved work with courage and joyfulness, holding meetings from house to house, in different places; and he says: "The word of God has taken effect on many hearts—Glory be to God."

On his return voyage, he was very generously and kindly treated by the American and Hamburg Steamship Company, as well as by the Captain and officers of the ship in which he took passage.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

REV. P. E. RYDING, *Chaplain.*

Under date of Jan. 30th. 1861, Mr. Ryding reports as follows:

"God, who is rich in mercy, has afforded me grace to labor among my fellow-men, particularly among seamen."

From the 1st to the 19th of October I visited many vessels. Many seamen have received the word with readiness, and some have begun to think of their eternal welfare.

On the 20th of October I went into the country in Zealand, towards the west and north west. I held a number of meetings, some of which were attended by several hundred persons.

During the first half of November I labored in Copenhagen particularly among seamen. I was on board a number of vessels, and distributed religious tracts, and conversed with many about the way of life and death, and many of these brave sons of the sea received the word of God with gladness. If it may please the Lord to pour out his Spirit upon them, we shall rejoice, and bring our sheaves home with gladness: but there is a time for sowing and a time for reaping, and should I even be one of those who sow in tears, there may come others who shall reap in joy what I have sown."

From the 17th of November to 4th of December Mr. Ryding was doing missionary work in the country, which was prosecuted amidst frost and snow and storm, apparently with much energy and success. At Hoiby he says "The Spirit of God work with the word, and streams of tears were flowing from the eyes of many. I hope it may prove a blessing."

And so at one place and another the record runs, "That both young and old showed a great desire to hear the word of God."—"A great many people were assembled—They listened with great attention and many were moved by the word of God"—"Many people came flocking to hear. The word proclaimed was received with great joy. Many admitted that it was right and they were wrong." "Those who were present listened with gladness to the good news of the gospel."—"The islanders attended the meeting,

and we felt very happy and praised God." &c., &c.

On the 4th of December I returned to Copenhagen, where I have been ever since, laboring particularly among the seamen, and now and then preaching to good congregations. Blessed be God that His kingdom is making progress in many parts.

During this quarter, I have preached 23 sermons, made about 40 house visits, and visited 300 vessels. I have distributed 12 Bibles and Testaments, 125 religious pamphlets, and about 2,600 Tracts. O Lord be pleased to bless these humble labors! Do thou accomplish thy work, and let the Holy Ghost be given unto us! Amen.

Chincha Islands, Peru.

Rev. J. A. SWANEY, *Chaplain*.

As Mr. Swaney has been appointed to this mission we locate him there, although he has not been able as yet to get away from Callao. Under date of Jan. 9, 1861, he writes:

"My annual report for 1860 dates Feb. 9th. Since that time I have made 429 calls and 286 visits, distributed 1,604 tracts and 9 testaments; attended 9 funerals; baptized 4 children and 1 adult, and solemnized 7 marriages."

In the February No. of the MAGAZINE we published a letter from Mr. Swaney giving an account of the purchase of the hulk of the "Lucy L. Hale," for the purpose of fitting her up for a floating Bethel for the Chinchas—the money having been subscribed by officers and crews of vessels there.

In the letter of Jan. 9th, he writes:

"The whole cost of the Bethel from first to last will be \$5,000 or \$6,000. I shall probably not come far short of paying for the whole of it in one year from the commencement. On Sabbath June 17, 1860, I stood on the deck of the "Prima Donna," (at the Chinchas,) and fell into a kind of reverie of spiritual ambition, and thought,—'Is it possible to have a Bethel fixed right here within two years. Suppose I should determine that it shall be done, (D. V.) what

would be the result?' There is a prospect that it will be done much sooner.

I was at the Islands on Sunday 23d Dec., 1860. Preached at 11 and 3 on board the "Redan," Capt. Evans.—The vessel was so well fitted up that one could scarcely keep from thinking of the tabernacle of the Jews in the wilderness. I almost forgot I was on the water. At 11 o'clock there were 150 present, at 3 there were 79. Held prayer meeting at 7 P.M. on board the "Gosport," Capt. Merrill, 34 persons present, had a good time."

Mr. Swaney brought away \$327 in contributions toward the Bethel. The great difficulty now is to get the hulk towed to the Islands. Mr. Swaney mentions some movement in that direction which he hopes will prove successful.

Lahaina, Sandwich Islands.

REV. S. E. BISHOP, *Chaplain*.

Under date of December 25th, 1860, Mr. Bishop speaks of the extreme activity of the Roman priests at Lahaina. Their adherents are few, but they have a Church costing \$10,000. The Protestant sentiment predominates. He says:

"No place feels the decline of the whaling business more severely than Lahaina. We had not quite 40 ships the past Fall season, and at no time 20 at anchor; and these left comparatively little money. It is believed that the trade will decline further, rather than increase. Those identified with the secular prosperity of the Islands look to the developement of their internal resources—chiefly in making sugar. Several new plantations are in progress. Possibly one may be planted here if land can be obtained.

Our foreign community is diminishing. The largest firm engaged in trade with whalers have closed and are leaving. Still we have nearly the same congregation in the Bethel on the Sabbath during the absence of ships. There is an increasing attendance among Hospital men: and our meetings

at the Hospital are well attended by the inmates, of whom there are now some 60 in all, including men of Spanish and Portuguese origin (Catholics) who compose nearly half the number. * * *

The falling off in the fleet and trade makes me feel unsettled in my post. I am in doubt what to do. As matters are at present I am spending my energies on a very limited field. Yet it would be sad for these 2,000 seamen on board ship, and 100 per annum in the Hospital, to be left without any stated word of warning and counsel among all these temptations. * * * *

Hong Kong, China.

REV. J. C. BEECHER, *Chaplain*.

Since our March No. of the Magazine went to press we have received another letter from this Chaplain, dated Dec. 14th, 1860, which leaves the matter of his immediate return home more doubtful. His mind was evidently in a strait, and whether he should stay or return he knew not which to choose. He was agitating the question of removing the Bethel-Ship to Whampoa when he wrote. If that point should be decided in the affirmative, he says, he should not insist on returning home. He speaks of Whampoa as being well filled with ships, and of frequent invitations that he should return to that his former station.

He says, "In fact, once established at Whampoa, I do not know that the United States has a position in which I should feel that I could be more influential for good, or for which the experience of the last five years has better fitted me."

Receipts for February, 1861.

MAINE.

Portland, High street Sabbath School,
Mr. Neil's class, S. Library, \$12 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Nashua, Olive st. S. School, S. Library, 20 00
Rochester, N. H. Congregational Ch., 12 00
Sanbornton Bridge, Cong'l Ch, const, 17 00
Mrs. A. B. Tilton, L. M.,

VERMONT.

Castleton, S. School, Ships Libraries,	34 37
Georgia, Congregational Church,	5 00
Manchester, Cong'l Ch., to const. Rev.	
Nath'l L. Upham, L. M., (pre. ack.),	
Miron Clark, self L. M., do.	

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashland, Congregational Church,	7 30
Andover, South Church,	33 50
Ashfield, First Congregational Church,	8 56
Boston, Mt. Vernon Church, S. School,	
Ship Library,	10 00
E. Coleman, for books,	3 00
Conway, First Congregational Church,	6 50
Centerville, Congregational Church,	10 00
Dracut, Central Church,	12 02
D. Varnum,	10 00
Easton, Evangelical Church,	11 00
Greenfield, Second Cong'l Ch., to const.	
Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. Wm. A.	
Aims, Eskizagra, Bulgaria, L. M's, \$20	
for Ships Libraries,	73 84
First Congregational Church, to const.	
Henry Handforth, L. M.	20 69
Gardner, Evangelical Church,	16 00
Lowell, First Congregation Church, \$10	
for Ship Library,	52 54
A. Butrick, Ship Library,	10 00
A. Friend,	2 00
Littleton, Rev. Mr. Loomis' Society,	7 50
Montague, Rev. E. Moody,	3 00
Monson, Infant Sab. School and Friends,	
Ship Library,	10 00
Northampton, First Congregational Ch.,	85 40
Newburyport, David Wood,	5 00
Bellville Church, to const. Capt. Wm.	
Bisbee, L. M.,	48 30
Capt. Wm. Graves, Ship Library,	10 00
Newbury, Byfield Church,	6 25
North Becket, Congregational Church,	11 00
New London, Sab. School, First Congre-	
gational Church, (additional),	1 12
Reading, Bethesda Church,	11 00
Shelburne, Gent. and Ladies Benev. Soc.	
to const. Baxter E. Bardwell, L. M.,	20 85
South Amherst, (erratum in March No.,	
for Meesick read Merrick.)	
Salem, South Cong'l Ch., Ship Library,	12 09
South Danvers, Congregational Church,	33 25

RHODE ISLAND.

Barrington, Congregational Church.	15 00
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CONNECTICUT.

East Haven, Congregational Church,	22 00
Fair Haven, S. School 2d Cong'l Ch.,	8 00
Greenwich, First Cong'l Ch., to const.	
Mrs. Ann Jessup, L. M.,	20 25
Second Congregational Church,	63 09
Litchfield, First Congregational Church,	46 54
Millington, Congregational Church,	5 00
Norwich, Rev. Dr. Bond's Church, (add.)	50
John H. Slater,	5 00
New Haven, Center Church S. School,	
to const. Leonard J. Sanford, L. M.,	20 00
North Canaan, Congregational Church.,	9 00
South Britain, C. Le Roy Mitchell Ship	
Library,	10 00
Stamford, James Betts,	5 00
Wolcottville, Congregational Church,	5 52
Wilton, Congregational Church,	16 10

NEW YORK.

Astoria, Edward J. Woolsey,	100 00
Brooklyn, Mrs. Harriet Newyman,	2 00
Park Presbyterian Church,	49 94
Fishkill, Ref'd Dutch Church,	27 58
S. School, do. do., Ship Library,	10 00
Morristown, Capt. R. B. Chapman,	3 00
New York City, Mercer St., Ch., balance,	3 00
Rev. J. Dowling,	1 00
First Street Presbyterian Church,	7 10
A Friend, to const. Rev. Hasbrouck	
Dubois, Newark, N. J.,	20 00

A Friend,	10 00
Mrs. Hannah Ireland,	15 00
Church of the Puritans,	39 45
Jeremiah C. Lamphier, const. L. M.,	
by a friend. (am't prev. ack'd).	
Reformed Dutch Ch., Market street,	78 39
Syracuse, Mrs. Emily M. Davis,	5 00
Mrs. Mary A. Maltbie, to Const. Mrs.	
Emily M. Davis, L. M.,	20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, Mrs. S. C. Bonnell,	1 00
Newark, Cong. l Ch., const. Rev. Wm.	
B. Brown, L. M.,	24 54
Missionary Society, do., Ship Library,	12 00
A Friend,	1 00
Princeton, S. S. Baker,	1 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dunmore, T. R. R. Townsend, S. Lib'y,	10 00
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ILLINOIS.

Beardstown, Cong'l Ch. Sab. School,	
Ships Libraries,	50 00
Plymouth, Mrs. E. Tirrell,	1 00

Total, \$1,397 99

*Receipts of the Pennsylvania Seamen's
Friend Society from Oct. 1, 1860. to
Jan. 31, 1861.*

NEW JERSEY.

M. E. Church, Glendale, additional,	\$2 00
Union Meeting, Titusville, do.,	9 00
Dyug Child's Gift, through Rev. W. H.	
Kirk, Belvidere,	2 90
Pres. Ch., Cold Spring, additional,	10 00
Union Meeting, Mariton, do.	6 65
Mrs. Charlotte F. Kirk, Belvidere,	20 00

DELAWARE.

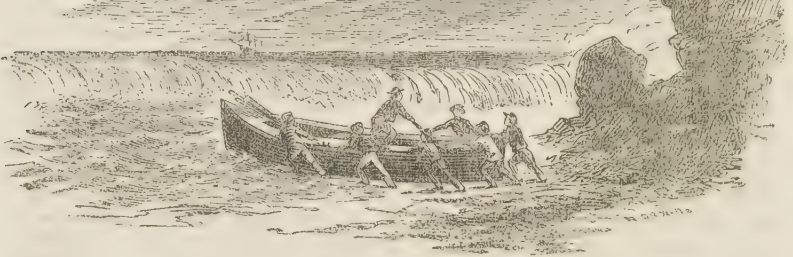
M. E. Church, Delaware City,	9 07
Pres. Church, do.,	11 00
Hanover Pres. Church, Wilmington,	60 25
Union Sabbath School, do.,	1 56

PENNSYLVANIA.

Meth. Epis. Church, New Hope, add'l,	2 25
do. do. Bensalem,	8 31
do. do. Neshamony,	99
do. do. Attleboro,	2 49
St. Paul's Ger. Ref'd Ch., Lancaster.	15 00
M. E. Church, Attleboro, additional,	3 00
Disciples of Christ, Philadelphia,	20 79
John A. Brown, do.,	50 00
S. & W. Welsh, do.,	50 00
E. H. Worne, do.,	50 00
Delaware Mutual Ins. Co, do.,	50 00
Theodore Biss, do.,	20 00
G. W. Fahenstock, do.,	20 00
Rev. J. W. Kramer, do.,	10 00
D. A. Denison, do.,	10 00
Mrs. Hertzog, do.,	10 00
Thomas Cooper, do.,	10 00
Cash, do.,	5 00
John O. James, Mrs. Vansyckle, Q. Camp-	
bell, D. C. McCammon, R. S. Johnson,	
Mrs. E. A. Smith, Miss A. Greenleaf,	
Mrs. S. Donaldson, Capt. Hewitt, John	
R. White, S. Colwell, Thomas Rarp, Mrs.	
Elizabeth Baker, Abraham Baker, Mrs.	
E. Spohn, Mrs. B. Gerhard, and Charles	
Wurts, of Philadelphia, \$5 each,	85 00
Sundry individuals, Philadelphia,	142 50
	\$996 86

The following persons have been constituted
Life Members of the American Seamen's Friend
Society,—Rev. J. Cummins, Attleboro, Pa.; Rev.
Dr. S. E. Pearre, Philadelphia; Rev. W. H.
Kirk, Belvidere, N. J.; Theophilus E. Beesley, M.
D., Philadelphia, by E. H. Worne.

THE LIFE BOAT



April, 1861.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. (Vol. 4. No. 4.)

Children Coming to Christ.

Dear young readers of the "Life-Boat:" Our hearts are made glad by the good news that some of your age are turning to the Lord,—saying to their Heavenly Father: "My Father, wilt thou not be the guide of my youth?" and to Jesus their Saviour, "What must I do to be saved?" and to the Spirit of all grace,

"Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal,
The secret love of God!"

Dear young friends, how sweet, how lovely is the sight when those in the freshness of life's morning, with the dew of their youth still upon them, are seen "coming to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!" How wise their choice! Do not your hearts approve it? Do not your consciences condemn you for delaying, or refusing, to give your hearts to Him who calls to you in infinite love and tenderness, saying: "My son, give me thy heart?" Oh, then come to Jesus; come now, while you read or hear these very words, which we write with love to your souls and with a prayer lifted up for God's blessing on them. If this

should be read to you in the Sabbath School, will you not now unite in singing those sweet words,

"Little child do you love Jesus?
Oh how he loves!"

and then in our prayer to God for you, who long and yearn after you.

The Saviour's Warning.

Just as we had finished writing the above article "Children coming to Christ," we took up a letter from the Superintendent of a Sunday School of a Congregational Church in Connecticut, which is as follows:

"I send you ten dollars as an offering of our School to put a library on board some vessel. Let me know what vessel, that I may inform them; and if some poor sailor should be led to love the Saviour through their offering, they may be led to love and obey him also."

In returning our thanks for this offering in a note to that School, we could not help warning them lest Christ should be compelled to speak to any of them such fearful words as he uttered against the well-instructed but Christ-rejecting Pharisees in his day. Dear young friends, let not the poor sailor go into the Kingdom of

Heaven before you. Above all, when he enters in, be not you left out.

How sad a thing if while you are giving your money for the conversion of sailors, you remain unconverted! Keeping the vineyard of others (to use the Bible figure,) but neglecting your own vineyard!

We will rather hope that all our young contributors may know by blessed experience the value of the Gospel which they give to others; what that meaneth, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Blessed be God, Sailors are coming into the Kingdom, almost, may we say, like gathering "clouds" and "like doves to their windows."

Come with them, dear children, dear youth—one and all: come like Noah's dove to the ark of salvation, and Jesus, our Noah, will put forth his hand and take you into its safety and bliss. COME, OH COME!

He Died for Me.

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was known to be of an infidel turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church, he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved; and he inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath-school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child?" he asked.

"Why, she said He came down from heaven AND DIED FOR POOR ME!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood she added,— "Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. In giving an account of his Christian experience, he remarked—"Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity, that I OUGHT TO LOVE ONE WHO HAD SO LOVED ME."

The minister, on returning from this meeting, took his sermon and read it over carefully, and said to his family and to himself:—"There is not enough of JESUS CHRIST in this discourse."

Almost Saved.

A man drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and look, you can see his head just above the waves!—There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him! Now! he has it! No!—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him further out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was near it!

"And he was so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why the rope fairly touched his hand."

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned, after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world?—"I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it; now, it is too late! Lost! lost! and forever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus!—Oh that I had come to him when I might have come!"

Dear reader, are you almost persuaded to be a christian? Then there is one great difference between you and that poor drowning man. *It was not his fault that he missed the rope.* He did all that he could; he clutched at that rope with all the strength of despair, and who blames him because he missed it? But ah! it is not so with you; you who might be saved at this

moment *if you liked*; but instead of laying hold of Christ at once, you are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life," says Christ. Almost within the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, hanging about the door, catching an echo of its music, and yet shut out.—Better, better far, never to have heard of Jesus, than to come so near to him, and yet at last to hear him say, "Depart, I never knew you."—*Observer.*

Life Preserver.

Years ago, a steamer left New York for Charleston, and on the way, was broken to pieces in a storm; nearly all the passengers perished among the angry waves. There was a man struggling toward the shore, who all the while felt something pressing against his breast, and, as he thought, hindering him in his efforts to gain the land. Again and again he tried to tear it off, and throw it from him, but in vain.—On reaching the shore, how surprised was he to find, that what had troubled him so much, was his *life-preserver*!—Before jumping into the ocean, he had inflated it, and buckled it around him, and in the excitement of the scene, had forgotten all about it! Had he succeeded in his efforts to remove it, he would have been drowned!

"How strange!" I hear some young reader say. Yes, and very likely you are doing just as strange a thing.

"I. How?" Have you never been troubled because of your sins? That trouble was caused by the Holy Spirit coming to save you. And have you not tried to rid yourself of that trouble? You refuse to go to some meeting for fear it would be increased. You have laid down a tract or a book, because it made you feel that you were a sinner. You have sometimes gone to play to free yourself from those feelings, and have been very glad when you succeeded! Ah! you were trying to tear off the *life-preserver*! Children, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."—*Pres. S. S. Visitor.*

The Life-Boat.

The celebrated Father Taylor, founder of the Sailor's Home in Boston, one

Sunday attempted to give his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, is seen a vessel laboring in distress and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent; the helm unshipped; they spring a leak; the vessel begins to fill; the water gains on them; she sinks, *deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The sailors' faces, as they gazed up at him with their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel as into space, he exclaimed with a piercing cry of exultation. "A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep impressive tone, and extending his arms—"Christ is that life-boat!"

The Child's Missionary Money.

"It is too bad," said great-aunt Jones, "for that child to give all her money to poor people and missionaries."

"Too bad!" echoed the little girl; "why, no, aunty."

"It is," repeated aunt Jones.

"No, please, aunty," said the little girl, "my Saviour gave up his beautiful home in his Father's house to come and help the poor people in this world he pitied them so. And, aunty, he gave up himself on the cruel cross to die for me, and for all the people, and I am sure I ought to give up something for his sake. I *love* to, aunty," said the dear child with a sweet smile.

"Aunt Jones was a *great-aunt*, that is, she was aunt to the little girl's mother, and therefore was quite old. When *she* was a child, there were not so many children who followed Jesus as there are now. But when she heard the little girl's plea, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she could only say, "God bless you my dear one; forget what I said. Your Saviour has a right to all you have."

"And to *me*, too," whispered the child, pressing up to aunty's side, and kissing her faded cheek.—*Exchange.*

A Noble Child.

At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath school in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive a prize, one of whom had recited a verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired:

"And couldn't you have learned one verse more, and thus kept up with Martha?"

"Yes sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all these verses you have learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered blushing still more deeply—"In honor preferring one another."

The Dying Child.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice—the truthful, affectionate, large hearted, pious child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What, my darling? answered the father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, and broken tones, "how much—do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice:

"Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in

Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart, the bliss of one noble living spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten, the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile-gaze into her father's eyes; and, still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy:

"O, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. O, such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for the father's sake!'"

She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I come! and the lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee rose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven!"—*Macedonian.*

American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, } *Cor. Secs.*
REV. S. B. BISSELL, }
MR. SAMUEL BROWN, } *Asst. Treas.*
OFFICES: 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
AND } Bible H., Phil'a, Rev. J. W. KRAMER.
ADDRESS: 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANKS.

TERMS OF THIS PUBLICATION.

The SEAMEN'S FRIEND and LIFE BOAT will be sent gratuitously to all Life Directors and Members, also to Pastors and Superintendents who forward collections from their Congregations and Sabbath Schools.

Every Congregation contributing to the Society, will be entitled to order, if they choose, one copy gratuitous for every three dollars contributed.

To Subscribers, the price will be for a single copy, or any number less than eight, twenty-five cents a year. For a package of eight copies to one address, one dollar; and at the same rate for any larger number.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Twenty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; one of Fifty Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes Fifty Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

SHIP'S LIBRARIES.

Miscellaneous Libraries for ships furnished at our Office, 80 Wall street, for considerably less than the cost price. These books are selected, and libraries costing from five to twenty dollars, furnished at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at this Office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman street.

CLOTHING

will, as far as practicable, be distributed to shipwrecked and destitute seamen at the Home; and contributions of articles are solicited from the Ladies, and the benevolent generally, for that purpose. Also bedding, &c. for the Sailor's Home.

SAVING'S BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall street, and Boston, Tremont street, open daily between 10 and 2 o'clock.

SAILOR'S HOMES.

LOCATION.	UNDER WHAT DIRECTION.	KEEPERS.
		Captains.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.	Am. Sea. Fr. Soc.	E. RICHARDSON & E. WALFORD.
" 20 Vandewater st., (col'd.)	do. do.	
" 338 Pearl street.	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Sea.	J. Marrett.
" 173 Cherry street.	Private.	S. Scott.
" 184 " "	do.	Mrs. Isab. Thoms.
" 334, 336 Pearl street.	do.	William Huelat.
" 318 " "	do.	P. W. Marett.
" 91 Market street.	do.	Peter Oberg.
" 22 Oak street.	do.	Mrs. Alice Perry.
" 45 Oliver street.	do.	Christ. Bowman.
" 41 " "	do.	William White.
" 21 Hamilton street.	do.	Victor Seaman.
" 9 Carlisle street.	do.	Wm. Johnson.
PORTLAND, foot of India street.	Maine Sea. Union.	L. P. Nelson.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.	Boston S. F. Soc.	Jno. O. Chany.
" North Square.	Boston Sea. Aid Soc.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies Br. N. B. P. S.	David Ilsley.
NEW HAVEN, head of Long Wharf.	Young M. Ch. Union.	A. W. Richardson.
PHILADELPHIA, 204 South Front street.	Penn. S. F. Soc.	Thos. McGuire.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.	S. Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirbey.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock sts.	Wilm. S. F. Soc.	G. W. Williams.
CHARLESTON, Market, opp. State st.	Charleston Port Soc.	Capt. W. White.
SAVANNAH, foot of Jefferson street.		Capt. O. C. Parker.
MOBILE,		Henry Parsons.
NEW ORLEANS, c. N. Levee & Sazette sts.		F. Rickerts.
SAN FRANCISCO.	Ladies' S. F. Soc.	Capt. W. H. Abbott.
ST. JOHN, N. B.	S. Home Soc.	E. W. Flaglor.
LONDON, Well street, London Docks.	Br'wick Mait. Estab.	James Laughton.
NORTH SHIELDS, New Quay.	Duke of Northumberl.	
HAVRE,		T. Dale.
MARSEILLES, 12 La Tourette.		
CAPE TOWN, S. Af., Bree street.	C. G. H. Sailor's H. S.	Henry N. Love.
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